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covered with choice refreshments, to which all are pressingly invited, and in the garden are music stands and books. And now the director takes his baton, the singers congregate around him, others less gifted sit or stand apart in various groups, the pitch-pipe is sounded, the very birds in the bushes are silent, and that rich stream of voices bursts forth into hearty merry glee in a strain as cheerful and as pleasant as the words would indicate:—

"Down in a flowery vale, all on a summer's morning,
Phyllis I spied fair nature's self adorning;
Swiftly on wings of love I flew to meet her;
Coldly she welcomed me when I did greet her.
I warbled thus my ditty:
'O shepherdess! have pity,
And hear a faithful lover
His passion true discover:
Ah! why art thou to me so cruel?'
Then straight replied my jewel:
'If gold thou hast, fond youth, 'twill speed thy suing;
But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a wooing!'"*

Hearty is the laugh and the applause which greets this quaint old ditty of 1541, by Master Festa—many of the fair ones declaring the sentiment decidedly libellous; that woman has more truth in her heart if she really loves, and that the poet was very ignorant of his subject. Scarcely had this point been settled, when four fine voices start up with a German glee, "Spring's delights are now returning," by Herr Muller, full of beautiful melody as well as harmony, in which our German brethren so much excel. They have taught us much, and are teaching us more. They have sent us Beethoven and Weber; we have sent them Shakspeare and Scott. Is not such intercourse better than the clash of sword or boom of cannon? Christianity directs and prompts the one, Heathen barbarism the other. Surely these interchanges of thought and feeling will wipe away the stain of blood that Kings and Governments and aristocracies had cast upon us through the long vista of past time.

After two or three more ditties of a cheerful character, the baton is laid down, and all separate to ramble over pleasant walks, and among fruits and flowers; here we wind along by the margin of a small piece of water, falling from the high ground above, over which a rustic bridge is thrown; a couple of swans are floating like snow-clouds upon the surface; from this lower ground we look upwards to the white mansion, backed with the dark green foliage beyond, and over the whole expanse of wood and garden, we hear the merry ringing laugh, and see flitting forth, or passing into shade, the varied colours of bonnet, ribbon, and shawl, accompanied by the happiest of faces. Then comes the invitation to tea; and passing into the wood which forms the background of the picture, we find ourselves under a wide-spread awning, before a long table surrounded by seats, and covered with all those agreeable things which go to make up the beauty of a tea-table; a negro in white jacket offers us coffee, "black as mine own face," and a fair dairymaid with a bright clear complexion in happy contrast, pours into our neat china cup the thick cream, from the fine cows that we remarked, with their beautiful white and brown skins, as we came through the pastures. The young gentlemen of the party are particularly attentive to the ladies, and the host is moving about, and watching over the interests of young and old. Again we are assembled on the green sward—a merry catch or medley is given

most cleverly, and then, as the golden sun is sinking in the purple-clouded west, we hear in fine keeping with the stillness and shadow of approaching night, that beautiful melody of Sebastian Bach, as harmonized by William Shore, to the words of a favourite bard, James Montgomery:—

"There is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.
"Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown
And tranquil nights?
O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.
"The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.
The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
Thou soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

But our vocalists will not let these feelings be the last memory of such a charming day, and so bursts forth the merry "Fa la la;" and then the book is closed, the wand is broken, and home all wend their way, delighted with the beauty of the scene and hour, the charm of sweet sounds, the amiability of friends, the social intercourse enjoyed. Happy the man who has the power, happier he who has the grace, to gather such opportunities and share them with his fellow-men. How many of this world's dark spirits may be laid by the spell of kindness; how many rude ones turned to gentleness; how many anxious faces wreathed with smiles; how many wearied hearts refreshed. Reader, if thou art one of earth's gilded favourites, if fortune has clothed thee in purple and fine linen, then follow a good example—"Go and do thou likewise."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. I., of Manchester, is thanked for his suggestion; and it will be followed when it can be done conveniently.

MR. W. A. ARCHER will accept our thanks for his notice of misprint. In No. 50, Musical Times, page 16, the two last notes in column 1 should be la, not ut.

Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

MRS. DISTIN, the wife of the celebrated Sax-horn player, died on the 23rd of June, within three months after the death of her eldest son.

MANUEL GARCIA, the celebrated professor of singing in the *Conservatoire* of Paris, has arrived in London. He is brother to Malibran and Pauline Garcia, and was the teacher of the latter, as well as Jenny Lind.

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION took place July 4th. The *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and other works were given. The principal vocalists were Madame Tadolini, Mdle. Schwartz, Misses Birch and Lucombe; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Benson, Phillips, &c. The orchestra included some of the Royal Italian Opera band, who were missed from their places at the performance of *La Favorita* on Tuesday.

* This favourite Madrigal is published in No. 3 of *The Musical Times*, to the words "Soon as I careless stray'd."

BRIEF CHRONICLE (Continued.)

HERR GOLLMICK AND MR. BLACKSHAW'S CONCERT on the 12th July, at Blagrove's Rooms, was crowdedly attended. The programme provided by these gentlemen contained various excellent pieces, of which several were encored. Lenschow's band played the "Freyschutz" overture in good style, and in lieu of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, inserted in the programme, a *potpourri* from *La Fille du Regiment* was substituted, which was vociferously encored. The Misses Williams received a well-merited encore in W. H. Holmes' pleasing duet, "The Swiss Maidens," and Miss A. Williams received the same compliment in a bravura song, "I dare not sing," by Auber. Mr. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, giving very effectively Beethoven's "Adelaide," and "Spirito gentil" (*La Favorita*). Mr. Hausman played his Swiss fantasia with all the taste and energy with which we have been accustomed to hear it from this accomplished violoncellist. Mr. Boleyn Reeves displayed considerable execution on the harp in a fantasia introducing the popular melodies, "If o'er the boundless sky," by Molière, and "Cooling Zephyrs," by Schubert. The principal attraction, as a solo, was Herr Gollmick's fantasia on Thalberg's *La Straniera*, Op. 9, which he executed with great effect. He afterwards gave a romance of his own, "Gage d'amitie," a composition of merit, approaching in style the *Lieder ohne Worte*. We cannot say so much in favour of his waltz, "Souvenir de Boulogne," as it does not step above mediocrity. We congratulate Mr. Blackshaw on the success he deservedly obtained in a pianoforte trio, by A. Fesca, accompanied by Herr Schulz (violin), and Herr Nute (violoncello). Mr. Blackshaw has a clear touch, and neat execution, which told with considerable effect in this clever trio. Fesca's works deserve to be better known in this country. The concert gave general satisfaction.—*Musical World*.

HECTOR BERLIOZ has left England; and, in announcing his departure, we feel that a great and original mind has gone from amongst us, with but scant greeting and recognition of his genius from our countrymen. His productions have been received with but little general acclamation, albeit they have "fit audience found, though few." For the present, the friends of this great composer must rest contented with the select circle of admirers which his talent has found among the best musical judges; secure in the conviction that a time will come when the genuine merits of his style must inevitably produce their due effect upon a wider range of hearers, who, by repetition and further acquaintance, will have overcome the first surprise and check of novelty and unusual combinations. Originality, and daring deviation from old familiar paths in art, almost invariably startle and offend in the commencement; but give them time to recommend themselves to public discrimination, and, if there be intrinsic vital worth, they rarely fail of ultimate appreciation, even by "the general." It is upon record, that when first Beethoven's Grand Sinfonia in C minor was played by the Philharmonic Society at one of their trial nights, after the first few bars, a universal titter ran through the orchestra; the style was found to be so eccentric, so absurd,—so unwonted, in short: and now, a season never passes without the performance of this superb composition. Let us therefore hope, that when M. Berlioz pays us his next visit, his admirable music may receive a truer welcome in England.

MDLLE. JENNY LIND'S CONCERT.—This eminent singer has advertised—or rather, it should be said, that a concert has been advertised in her name, for the benefit of the *Consumption Hospital* at Brompton. The funds of the establishment not being in a prosperous state, and yet the increase of patients requiring an additional wing to the building, Mdle. Lind has taken considerable interest in the prosperity of the establishment; and, in consequence, has volunteered this effectual means of proving the sincerity of her sympathy. The concert was given on the morning of the 31st July, and there is little doubt that the room was crammed, notwithstanding the unusual price demanded for the tickets, which was fixed at one guinea each; the reserved seats, two guineas; and boxes, to contain six persons, ten guineas.

VIVIER, THE CELEBRATED HORN PLAYER.—The fame of this extraordinary player is spreading far and wide. Although he has declined all offers to play at the metropolitan public concerts this season, he has been heard at several *soirees* of the nobility, where he has produced an unparalleled sensation. He has already received numerous offers from the provinces. Vivier's discoveries have raised the curiosity of many learned men, who regard them as a new light thrown upon acoustics, which will open a wide field for inquiry. His performance at Benedict's Concert was considered to be the most attractive upon that occasion. The quality of his tone is exquisitely pure, and full of expression; but his power of producing harmonies is perfectly marvellous. The following account of this masterly artist is from the *Manchester Examiner*:—

"M. Vivier's instrument possesses several peculiarities previously unknown, one of the most extraordinary of which is the capability of producing *two notes* simultaneously. We could hardly trust our ears the first time we heard this, and had to wait till the repetition, which was enthusiastically called for, before we could perfectly assure ourselves of the fact. The two notes appeared to be the key note and the tenth above. At times, too, the talented performer breathed forth the most deliciously soft tones, and anon rivalled the pedal pipe of an organ in depth and power, while his expression of feeling was in the highest degree refined. Another peculiarity we also observed, viz.: the gliding from one note to another, which we have never heard accomplished by any other artiste. Indeed, till now, we had always considered the French-horn an imperfect and somewhat unmanageable instrument, bearable only in the hands of Puzzi; but with Vivier it possesses the accuracy and brilliancy of a violin, joined to the exquisite tone, flexibility, and expression of the human voice. He was encored in both performances; the first of which was a concerto in cantabile style, composed by himself, and the second the celebrated serenade of Schubert's."

JENNY LIND'S "ALICE."—Of this performance it has been remarked by the ultra-admirers of the "Swedish Nightingale," that it is a part whose character partakes too much of the angel to be that of the woman, and too much of the woman to be that of the angel; from which premises only one conclusion can follow, viz.:—that Jenny Lind's "Alice" is neither a heavenly, nor a feminine performance. How easy it is to prove "too much." Save us from our friends!

MDLLE. JENNY LIND will not be able to sing at the ensuing Norwich Festival. She has, however, sent a donation to the Charity of £50.